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OF THE

Great Reduction Sale. SPECIAL LOW PRICES ON

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Waists, Millinery, Shoes and Carpets.

CALL NOW.

TWIN BROS,

Dry Goods, Shoes and Millinery Department.
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

USE GAS COKE

CRUSHED, 11c. Per Bushel.
LUMP, - - 10c. Per Bushel.

A load of coal costs you \$5.00. Much of the HEAT goes off as GAS with the smoke. We save the GAS and charge you only \$2.50 for a load of COKE and you

GET ALL OF THE HEAT.

This Coke is the Cheapest, Hottest and Cleanest Fuel on the Market.

PARIS GAS LIGHT COMPANY

A Word To the Cash-Buying People of Paris and Bourbon County.

Here is an opportunity of a lifetime to purchase from

TWIN BROS.,

703 Main Street,

All their MEN'S CLOTHING, BOYS' CLOTHING, MENS' OVERCOATS, Men's and Boys' HIGH GRADE SHOES, Men's and Boys' HATS, UNDERWEAR, SHIRTS, TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, ETC. In fact everything that is sold in a first-class clothing and shoe store

At Prices Less Than the Manufacturers' Cost.

Our Loss is Your Gain. We want the Money, you want the Goods

They will be sold for SPOT CASH ONLY.

THIS SALE LASTS FOR TEN DAYS ONLY.

Remember Place and Date of Sale:

TWIN BROS. CLOTHING AND SHOE STORE,
703 Main St., Next to Fee's Grocery.

JANUARY 19th TO JANUARY 29th, INCLUSIVE.

Bring Your Family. Bring Your Friends.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

BOTH 'PHONES, 124.

NO. 320 MAIN STREET.

SWIFT CHAMP. - - EDITOR AND OWNER

[Entered at the Paris, Kentucky, Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.]

Established in 1881—26 Years of Continuous Publication

Display advertisements, \$1.00 per inch for first time; 50 cents per inch each subsequent insertion; reading notices, 10 cents per line each issue; reading notices in black type, 20 cents per line each issue; cards of thanks, calls on candidates and similar matter, 10 cents per line. Special rates for big advertisements.

What Is First In Kentucky.

[From Louisville Herald.]

The Maysville Ledger enumerates in order the leading products of Kentucky. First is Kentucky's noble womanhood. Second, her brainy and brawny sons. Third, that unique, picturesque and celebrated the world over species of peculiar manhood, the Kentucky Colonel. Fourth, is tobacco, the golden lotus leaf, that cheers the world. Fifth in rank is the amber nectar of gods, that make the Colonels wear "the smile that won't wear off."

Well and wisely does the Ledger add that these five products are a few only of the good things that Kentucky may claim. Her treasures are unlimited. She raises corn the finest that American suns shine upon, wheat that gives bread such as the Olympian gods never dreamt of. Think of her fruits, her poultry and her garden "sass." The squirrel breakfasts and the "old ham," reflections of a generous Kentucky hospitality, are known from pole to pole.

We have iron and silver, precious stones and priceless clays. Woods of the rarest kinds are ours. The mountains of Kentucky kiss the rosy lips of Aurora, cool their brows with the dew of Iris and close sleepy eyelids in the bosom of Nox. The rivers of Kentucky move with unsurpassed dignity and indescribable rhythm; her rills, her spring and her brooks sparkle with an effulgence borrowed from the skies.

What a sky the Lord has spread out to cover the grand old commonwealth! By day a sheet of opalescent splendor, and by night a robe of imperial purple spangled with golden stars. Kentucky is a land select, beautiful and inspiring. So impressed with that favored section of the State was Capt. Imlay, an officer in the Revolutionary army, who visited Maysville in 1793, that he wrote: "Everything here assumes a dignity and splendor I have never seen in any other part of the world. You ascend a considerable distance from the shore of the Ohio, and when you would suppose you had arrived at the summit of a mountain you find yourself upon an extensive level. Here an eternal verdure reigns, and the brilliant sun of latitude 39, piercing through the azure heavens, produces in that prolific soil an early maturity which is truly astonishing." Beautiful one hundred years ago, Kentucky has since taken on charms innumerable.

Expert Testimony.

You read a great deal these days about "expert testimony," and you also here much talk about it. Did you ever stop to think what expert testimony amounts to. It is nothing more or less than the testimony you want and can pay for. Ponder over this while reading the reports of the Thaw trial. You can see at a mere glance that the expert is paid to testify for his employer's side of the case. It is the duty, of course, of the opposing counsel to make the expert witness ridiculous, which is often done, but once in awhile, as Dr. Evans did in the Thaw trial, you find one who is able to give as good as he gets. To sum it all up it is simply this, the "expert" takes the pay and delivers the goods best he knows how.

Can You Stand The Raise?

We have read and, in fact, many of us know from experience, that every thing under the sun has increased in price. The limit, however, has now been reached, for it is said that the price of Bibles has been materially increased. This has been caused by the great increase in the automobile trade, not because motorists need Bibles more than the rest of us, but so much leather is used in making the automobiles, which are in such demand, that the supply for Bible covers is shortened. The expense of making the ordinary leather back Bible has increased one third in a few months. Thus does the auto thrust its hooks into the cause of religion. The up shot of this will be that we will have to increase our subscription to the missionary fund. If this thing keeps on the only way to get around these increases will be to die. That is of course, if you don't want to stand the raise.

Virtual Nullification.

The Agricultural appropriation bill contains a provision that in future no forest reserves shall be created by act of Congress, but before President Roosevelt signed he issued a series of proclamations under a former law, including about all the remaining timber land belonging to the public domain

in the present reserves, or creating new reserves. This takes out of the reach of the settlers about all the public land remaining in the Western states, except the desert land, and promises to create a tremendous sensation in the west, where the public land policy of the President has been opposed by the great mass of people. The President has played a sharp trick upon Congress and rubs it in by suggesting in a memorandum added to his proclamations that: "If Congress differs from me it will have full opportunity in the future to take such position as it may desire anent the discontinuance of the reserves."

President Roosevelt evidently thinks his Republican brethren in Congress are but poor judges of what is best for the Country, for he says: "If I did not act, reserves which I consider very important for the interests of the United States would be wholly or in part dissipated before Congress has an opportunity again to consider the matter." This is as much as to say that Congress went off halfcocked when it passed the law that "in future no forests reserves should be created except by act of Congress." The evident intention of Congress being head off the President in creating forests reserves, but he has virtually nullified the law and hints that Congress will have to come to his way of thinking. When this news has been digested by the people of the Western states there will be some thing doing amongst the Republicans thereabouts.

Philippine Independence.

The North American Review of January has a very strong article in favor of the Philippine Independence by Judge James H. Blount of Georgia. Judge Blount was a captain in the Spanish war serving both in Cuba and the Philippines and was for four years a judge in the Philippine Islands. He asserts that everyone ought to know by this time, that the Filipinos almost without exception desire independence, and he points out the difficulties which have attended American rule and evils resulting therefrom. One of the most striking parts of his article is the reproduction of a court order dismissing cases against a hundred and twenty prisoners all but one of whom had died in jail within seven months. He cites the high duty put upon cotton, the main clothing of the Filipinos, and the sacrifice of the Filipinos to the interests of the sugar and tobacco trusts.

Judge Blount believes that independence should not only be promised at once but that ten years should be fixed as the time which should elapse before granting independence. He also favors the neutralization of the islands by treaty.

Judge Blount's article is a valuable addition to the literature on the Philippine question. Neutralization is not only desirable but possible. Whether a time should be fixed for independence or the time left indefinite is a matter upon which the friends of Philippine independence will differ. But as they all agree that a promise should be made now and that independence should be permitted as soon as a stable government can be established, the fixing of the time is of minor importance.

If the cause would be strengthened by fixing a date, it ought to be fixed, otherwise it is better to leave it indefinite and this question can only be determined by those who desire to see independence an accomplished fact.

Some Consolation.

The new Singer building in New York is to be 41 stories in height and the elevators will go from the ground to the top floor in less than a minute, a distance of 612 feet. The boss of the affair says the elevators will be absolutely safe, but if they are not (and we notice that the "safe" elevators break down about as much as the other kind), people in them will never know what hit them. That will be some consolation. While a fall in an ordinary elevator would only break a dozen bones or so, a little drop in this will reduce folks to unrecognizable heaps of rubbish and do it in a hurry. That is some more consolation.

Partisan Meanness.

The late Republican Congress in its partisan meanness refused to appropriate the necessary money to pay for Democratic Oklahoma to hold the election to ratify the new constitution and elect officers. Well the people of Oklahoma can stand it, but it will not add to the Republican vote thereabouts.



Personal Recollections of a Dollar

I am a dollar. A little age worn, maybe, but still in circulation. I am proud of myself for being in circulation. I am no tomato can dollar—not I.

This town is only my adopted home, but I like it and hope to remain permanently. When I came out of the mint I was adopted into a town like this in another state. But after a time I was sent off to a big city, many miles away. I turned up in a Mail Order house. For several years I stayed in that city. Millionaires bought cigars with me. I didn't like that, for I believe in the plain people.

Finally a traveling man brought me to this town and left me here. I was so glad to get back to a smaller town that I determined to make desperate efforts to stay.

One day a citizen of this town was about to send me back to that big city. I caught him looking over a Mail Order Catalogue. Suddenly I found my voice and said to him—he was a dentist, by the way:

"Now, look here, doc. If you'll only let me stay in this town I'll circulate around and do you lots of good. You buy a big beefsteak with me, and the butcher will buy groceries, and the grocer will buy dry goods, and the dry goods merchant will pay his doctor's bill with me, and the doctor will spend me with a farmer for oats to feed his buggy horse, and the farmer will buy some fresh beef from the butcher, and the butcher will come around to you and get his tooth mended. In the long run, as you see, I'll be more useful to you here at home than if you'd send me away forever."

Doc said it was a mighty stiff argument. He hadn't looked at it in that light before. So he went and bought the big beefsteak, and I began to circulate around home again.

Now, just suppose all the other dollars that are sent to Chicago or some other big city were kept circulating right here at home. You could see this town grow.

HONEST, NOW—AIN'T I RIGHT?

TIPPED AS HE WENT.

His Promise to Pay a Lump Sum Weekly Did Not Bring Results.

"I had heard all about the tipping system in Europe before going abroad," said the young man just returned from his maiden voyage, "so I thought I'd inaugurate a new system. At a fashionable hotel in London the valet assigned to my floor was the subject of my first experiment.

"See here," I said in a frank, jovial manner when he came in to attend me, "I want to make an arrangement with you. It's an infernal nuisance to be handing out tips every few minutes, or, at least, when I want anything done. Now, I purpose to lump the whole thing in weekly payments. I expect to be here at least three weeks. You look after me to the best of your ability, and at the end of each week I'll make it all right with you—in fact, I'll give you more in a lump sum than you would get in tips. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite, sir," he said cheerfully, but I fancied he looked disappointed.

"Very well," said I. "I'm going out for a drive about town. Meanwhile take my evening clothes out of my trunk, have them pressed and laid out for me. You'll find studs and buttons for the shirt in that box on the dresser. My shoes are in that valise."

"I'll right, sir. Very good, sir. Thankee kindly," said he, and I left with a feeling of elation.

"When I got back to the hotel I found my evening clothes still in the trunk, the shirt and shoes untouched and, in short, nothing doing." Next day I went back to the old system."—New York Press.

PIE BIRDS OF BRITANNY.

They Must Be Pretty Strong, According to This Breton Story.

"Speaking of exaggerations," said a traveler, "reminds me of the pie bird story of the Breton farmer.

"There was a farmer in Brittany who wished to tell a visitor how his farm had been overrun with pies. Pies, you know, are large birds, black and white, with long tails—a kind of crow. The farmer said the pies devastated his fields horribly. If he put up scarecrows, the birds tore them down. One day his young son ran into the granite farmhouse and shouted:

"Oh, father, hundreds and hundreds of birds! The wheat is being all eaten up!"

"The farmer loaded his gun. But where was the shot? It couldn't be found. He put in a few handfuls of tacks instead. Then he ran out. The wheatfield was black and white, like a checkerboard, with pies. The farmer gave a loud yell, and the birds all flew up into a tall poplar. He fired, and, lo, every bird was nailed fast to the tree. They were nailed fast. Their flapping wings filled the air with a

loud whirr. The farmer, amazed, stood watching them. Then a strange thing happened. The birds, with one grand united effort, pulled up the huge tree and flew away with it."

Important Correction.

To Tennyson truth was a simple thing. It was simply to be exact. In this light should be read an amusing story found in Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." Irving had heard a story that Tennyson not long before had been lunching with friends in his own neighborhood not far from Haslemere. His hostess said to him as they went into the dining room:

"I have made a dish specially for you myself. I hope you will try it and tell me exactly what you think of it."

"Of course I shall," replied Tennyson.

After lunch she asked him what he thought of it.

"If you really wish to know," said he, "I thought it was like an old shoe."

When they met, Irving asked Tennyson if the story were true.

"No," he said at once. "I didn't say that. I said something, but it wasn't that it was like an old shoe."

"What did you say?" persisted Irving.

"I said it was like an old boot."

"The Conduct of Life."

Under this head Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "Tis an estimable hint I owe to a few persons of fine manners that they make behavior the very first sign of force—behavior, not performance or talent, or, much less, wealth. While almost anybody has a supple eye turned on events and things and other persons, a few natures are central and forever unfold, and these alone charm us. He whose word or deed you cannot predict, who answers you without any supplication in his eye, who draws his determination from within, that man rules."

Was Hamlet Fat?

Was Hamlet fat or slender? M. Cautle Mendes, who held the latter view, was nearly killed by a sword thrust of M. Vauor, who leaned to the hundred kilos. Unfortunately the rapier only pierced the skin of the duelists and not the mystery which was the cause of the dispute.—Pierre Leroux in Paris Revue Generale.

For Nonsupport.

She—I can't understand why Lord Busted wants a divorce. His wife had half a million when he married her. He—Yes, and she's got every penny of it still. That's the trouble.—Pick Me Up.

Exercise Without Effort.

Miss Gaysett—Do you golf, Mr. Slopechin? Mr. Slopechin—Quite a good deal, I know. I have me man go round the course f'me twice a week.—Pack.